# The Orphans' Friend.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, - - 1883

### A HOPEFUL SIGN.

The interest displayed by the press of the State in the important subject of education is an augury of better things. There is scarcely an exchange that comes to our office that is not having its say about this matter. The dailies, the weeklies, the monthlies, the secular papers, the religious papers, all urge the importance of educating the masses. Every one seems to feel the mortifying position which has been assigned to North Carolina in the scale of illiteracy, by the census returns, and there is a commendable effort to call public attention to it, and to devise means for improving our educational status. There is some diversity of opinion as to the best methods to be used, but there is unanimity in the sentiment that the general education of our people is of momentous import, and that as an object of public and private offort, it is pre-eminent.

For our own part, we consider it second only to the spread of the gospel, and think it intimately related to that work. Education and Evangelization go hand in hand. The school teacher and the preacher are co-workers in a very important sense. Let the papers continue to circulate information, and urge the importance of this subject until a wholesome public sentiment is formed, and an enthusiasm aroused that shall lift our State out of the degrading position now occupied as the lowest of all in the scale of illiteracy.

#### HUMILIATING.

A few weeks since the country was startled by the stateme t that Treasurer Polk, of Tennessee, was a defaulter and a fugitive from justice. On the very heels of this sensation, Treasurer Vias cent, of Alabama, is reported through the papers as short in his eash account upwards of \$200,-000, and as acknowledging that he had lost it in speculation. What a comment on the frailty of human nature! What a manifestation of the corrupt tendencies of the times! "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." But the moral which is patent in this humiliating history of defalcation is this: Let everygood citizen set himself with a tace of steel against the speculating mania that has possessed our people, manifested in the immense dealings in cotton futures, and other risks of the same fictitious character, and indicating a morbid desire to make haste and be rich. Oh hen shall we ac-cept the obvious truth that the possession of wealth is not the chief good to be realized by humanity, and act upon it!

Bowdoin College has farnished One president, 22 Senators and Representatives in Congress, 14 Judges of high conts, 9 Governors of States, 18 Cellege Presidents, a Longfellow, a Hawthorne, and a Sergennt S. Prentiss. The University of North Carolina has done as well probably.

## For The ORPHANS' FRIEND. A TRUE PICTURE.

Yonder stands an old, gloomy looking, dilapidated house. The doors and windows are all out of repair. The rooms are scantily furnished with old, worn out turniture. Everything within and without the house, presents a scene of desolation and gloom. In one room of that dreary

abode, lies a woman, pale, emaciated, and suffering. Her ap. pearance indicates that she has seen the flight of more than fifty years. In her youth, she was bright, joyous and attractive. She was the joy and delight of the tome circle. In the midst of peace and plenty, her days went cheerily by. A neighboring young man was charmed by the loveliness of her person and char acter. He wooed, and won her. At the hymeneal altar, he solemnly swore, before Almighty God, and attending witnesses, that he would love, cherish, and provide for her. For a while, the stream of conjugal love flowed smoothly and pleasantly along. But soon a dark cloud began to But soon a dark cloud began to gather, which, through life, shut out all the sun-light of happiness and prosperity. The young hus-band was enticed, entrapped and enslaved by neighborhood grog-shops. Here, he wasted his time, and squandered his earnings. From these hell-houses, madden-ed and infuriated by whiskey, he would stagger to his wretched home. His wife longed for, yet dreaded his return. Now he comes. And, as often before, she is cursed, abused and beaten. Under his furious blows she stag-gers, reels and falls to the floor, gers, reels and falls to the floor, senseless, bruised, bleeding and suffering. This treatment she has suffered, times almost past numsuffered, times almost past num-bering. To escape such treat-ment, many a time sh has fled from home, through dark, stor-my, midnight hours, to the houses of neighbors, to implore shelter and protection. But her sufferin time is nearly over. 'I here she lies in the agonies of death. Just before her last breath, she turns, and looks for the last time on him, who had sworn to love and protect her; and with a tremulous loving voice she said : "Husband, I can forgive you for all the wrongs of the past. Beg all the wrongs of the past. Beg God to forgive you, and all will be well." And then, whispering "glory, glory, glory to God," she passed from the untold miseries of a drunkard's wife on earth, to the ineffable blessedness of the redeemed in heaven.

redeemed in heaven. Every scene in this picture composed a part of the life of a real woman. This is no fancy sketch. I present these facts as an additional indictment against the Whiskey traffic, and all those who support it. You will have to answer at God's bar for all these grievous wrongs, which cursed and blighted the life of this poor woman; and of millions of others who have suffered the same things, from the same cause. J. A. STRADLEY.

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